

Mr. J. G. Lloyd,
407 Maryland St.,
WINNIPEG, Man.



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OFFICIAL ORGAN of THE WINNIPEG CANOE CLUB

The Commodore



JUNE, 1945

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The Commodore

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Vol. 21

JUNE, 1945

No. 2

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350 Women and A Man

REMEMBER the old saying "Come One, Come All." Well, they all came this year and we certainly are proud. The paddling section has 350 of the shapliest cuties the club has ever known—and they're to use a full-sized paddle too!

Should we envy the man who has to look after 350 women when most men have so much trouble handling one? Not quite! Perhaps the fact that Kel loves a thrilling ride, is what led him to accept such a job. Flying the mighty Anson

bomber for two and a half years over our fair city during the small hours of the morning gave him such fiendish delight. But now that he has to settle down with T.C.A. he's been looking for another type of thrilling ride.

Such an opportunity was presented to him one wet cold spring evening, when California weather along with polar temperatures decided to stay with us, causing our Rear Commodore to move his interests from their flooded river site, to drier land. Bob was overwhelmed with extra

work. Kel accepted a major responsibility in assuming the duties of an Associated Rear Commodore. This position entitles him to ride with his own crew in a war canoe, and in case they can't drown him when they spill, the rest of the crews have an equal chance to spill him into the swirling waters, when their turn to give him a ride comes along. Besides getting these thrilling rides, he must be a target for the firing range when the ladies decide to shoot questions and launch terrific explosive complaints.

He is well fitted for the position, we think, because he held the 6' blade that

dragged behind the boat which proved to be the proud container of the 1944 Championship Points Regatta crew.

The fact that Flo hauled all the silver prizes away last year may be attributed in a small way to her "Simon Legree" husband—we think. However Kel says that "cheering alone did it all." No one had much of a chance to hear their own voices amid the din of his mighty cheers of "C'mon Flo."

We rather envy Kel's ability to handle war canoe crews and know that the 350 ravenous beauties will have greater success this year than ever before.



SUCCESS

YOUR actions speak louder than our words insofar as membership in 1945 is concerned. Through your work we have set a new record—the exact total figure will not be available for some time.

On behalf of the Commodore, Board of Governors and especially Membership Governor Jack McDowell may I say—"Thank you for a job well done."

Membership drive awards will receive attention at an early date.

DAVE STEVEN, Acting Membership Governor.



BIG FEET

There's a certain group of people who frequent the lounge these nights. A grand bunch indeed and they do appreciate relaxation on our costly, beautifully upholstered chesterfields and chairs. We, too, appreciate the odd moment of relaxation. However we must be aware of the fact that upholstering these lounges costs money and if they continue putting their big feet all over the upholstery and through the backs of chairs this money will have to be paid out shortly. Certainly they can find an easier method of getting a shoe-shine.

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Governor Stanford Reports Regretful News

BY THE time the sailors receive their copy of the June issue of the *Commodore* they should have received my letter stating that our much hoped-for fleet of swim dinghies will not materialize in time to be enjoyed this summer. Those who have paid their \$10.00 sailing fees will have them returned by cheque from the club office. This is truly sad news, but we will not let it get us down. Ships and sailboats are always referred to as "she." I just don't know why other than they never seem to turn up on time. However we will hope that they will be on hand for you all to see before the club closes — and then we will have sailing meetings and lectures through the winter.

However — that bit of disappointing news will not get us down—the Sailing Committee met at the club house recently and lined up the racing schedule for the season. The first race will be held on June 3rd, the first of the Newton Trophy series.

A letter was received from Lieut. N. Beketov, the donor of the Arabella Trophy, stating his willingness to let the Arabella Sailing Race be sailed on a course between Fort Garry Municipal Hall and the Agricultural College. This

will be a twice-around course of between five or six miles and should be a "bang-up" event. The course was changed owing to the inability to open the Elm Park Bridge. So now our members will be able to reach the course under sail or power without having to lower their masts. "The Typhoon," now owned by Keith Campbell, was last year's winner and who will be defending the trophy under new ownership. We hope to see you give a good account of yourself, "Keith." We hope a large number of our hope-to-be sailors will attend the race and join in the picnic.

Series Races will start at 3 p.m. on Saturdays, 2 p.m. on Sundays and 6 p.m. on Wednesday evenings. There will be no Wednesday evening races during September.

We regret to report that one of our old sailors who has

done so much for the section has been confined to his home on the sick list. This skipper and very able seaman is Gordon Ritchie. We understand he will be under the doctor's hands for several months. When he is allowed to have visitors—we hope that the sailors will drop in and have a chat at 52 Cordova St., the Ritchie residence. We are all pulling for your speedy recovery. "BARNICAL BILL."

The schedule of sailing races for the 1945 season is as follows:

*Newton Trophy Series—June 3--July 7
Arabella Trophy Race—June 10, 2 p.m.
Sailing Section Trophy—July 8, 2 p.m.
Dr. Gardner Trophy—July 11--Aug. 18
The Graham Trophy—Aug 19, 2 p.m.
Bert Orr Trophy—Aug. 22--Sept. 30
Fleming Trophy — Sept. 9, 2 p.m.*



You've all noticed that pit on the step at the front door which has been so nonchalantly excavated by the golfers with their spiked shoes. Well, the suggestion has been made that the House Governor enlarge this a little more and install a foot-bath for the golfers as they come off the course. We presume towel-service will be included, or is this asking too much?



Golf

A MONTH ago, this agent had occasion to report that there was very little in the way of golfing news to pass on to members of the section. At this writing, I find myself in practically the same predicament. During the last four weeks we have been plagued with a succession of cold, grey days, and you golfers have been conspicuous by your absence. Consequently, I have very few interesting news items to record.

However, we have been successful in running off items one and two of our fixture card in spite of the weather. The first of these events, the May monthly medal, was staged on Sunday, May 13th, in almost sub-zero weather. Possibly because of this, the scoring was uniformly poor, with the exception of Kenny Hanford, who breezed home a winner in "A" class, with the rest of his field trailing far in the rear. Ken shot a very nice 79 (net 74) which is pretty good golf for this time of year, and was just 11 strokes better than his closest competitor. That's quite a margin! In "B" class the competition was a little keener with Jack Evans (moustache and all) tying with Ed (I'll get the signs) Adey for top honors with net 79's. Nice going, men! You'll all receive nice little plaques for your efforts.

Our second feature, the newly inaugurated New Members Day, was held on May 20th, and served to officially open the season. Again braving cold weather, approximately 80 enthusiasts started teeing off shortly after 8:15 (that's A.M.!) and continued at five-minute intervals

until well after 10. Although primarily a get-acquainted affair with old and new members paired off, it was also run as a hidden par competition, and we were very pleased to see our old friend Fred Rumbelow cop first prize. After golf, the gang repaired to the lounge to consume vast quantities of sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee, and receive a little free instruction in the finer points of the game from two or three very fair golfers, to wit: H. Smith, L. Little, J. Thompson, B. Jones and H. Copper. A very successful day in every respect, and I hope that each one of you enjoyed yourself thoroughly.

It is particularly gratifying to see so many of the new members out on the course these days. Looks as though we have some real enthusiasts in Jack McDonald, Doug. Bannerman, Harold White, Crawf. McLennan, John Hawryluk, Peter Monk and others. Remember, fellas, get those cards in! All of you. The qualifying round of the cup competitions will be held shortly, and you'll want your handicap.

BITS AND STUFF: It's a tough little course and if you don't believe it ask Dan Davidson, Ed Wellheiser, Lloyd Wilson or Gerry Dennehy. . . . The writer was ribbed for tossing a spoon on the 5th last year, but Gerry Broadbent goes one better; he tossed his *twice* on the 6th. . . . Thanks to Scotty Harper for the very nice publicity re New Members Day. . . . That's a *rain shelter* on the 6th tee, men. . . . A gruesome threesome, Bob Brough, Ken Forrest and Chas. McRae. . . . The Saturday dances have started, fellas, where are the golfers? . . . A warm welcome back to Bert Oja, Harold Myers, John Barton and Fred McKay. . . . It's difficult to say who's putting on the most weight, the Guv. or the ex-Guv. . . . Out the Stayway, men, the pests are back. . . .



DIVOT DIGGER.

Golfing with the Ladies

Business Girls Golf

WELL, here we are again with a deadline to beat and not a whale of a lot of golfing news to report on account of you know what. These days we are just completely ignoring it in the hope that it will feel ashamed treating us golfers like that, and turn fine.

We had our first Get-together-Get-acquainted Night VE Wednesday and those who came really enjoyed themselves. Of course the weather (oh that) was agin us so we didn't hold our Hidden Hole Competition, but Sam built a big fire in the fire-place and everything was cozy-like when Mabel brought on the

spread. It was very nice indeed, we think she really outdid herself. Our Convenor welcomed the new members and outlined the Summer's program, then we had a good little gab fest.

Heard that Mr. Baker was after Dotty Auger last year for her red slacks to make the flags, as he claimed red material was hard to get. He wasn't kidding because we see that he has two-toned jobs this year. Very snappy effect there Mr. Baker!

A goodly number turned out to our first half of the Eclectic Competition. The predominant theme was "let's not mention scores, but wasn't it wonderful to be out on the course again." Be sure to watch the Notice Board for Competition dates and come out and enjoy the fun. Oh and speaking of fun, who was it we heard went to Toronto for a spot of holidays, enjoying yourselves Conven. and Ellie?

Well, gals it would seem the manpower situation has taken a decided turn for the better (knew I should have bought that darling hat), in fact, we now have more male golf members than female. So,

after giving the matter much consideration, the Gov. and his Com. have been forced to further our restrictions to the tune of bookings on Sundays starting at 12 o'clock instead of 11, in order to accommodate the dear boys who have recently returned to Civvy Street. This was effective May 20th. Imagine being in the minority again—happy hunting, oh, we mean golfing. *Mary Godfrey.*

Ladies Golf

THE Ladies' Golf section held their opening luncheon and meeting at the Clubhouse on May 9th, with forty-four members present. C.L.G.U. silver spoons were presented to Mrs. A. Hay in the silver section, and Mrs. R. J. Hughes in the bronze section.

I would like at this time on behalf of the Ladies' Golf Committee, to extend a cordial welcome to all members, new and old, and hope you will all come out to our Wednesday morning competition.

May 16th Hidden hole competition winners were: Mrs. H. Banks in the "A" section and Mrs. N. Matheson in the "B" section; thirty-four members participated.

Following is the fixture card for June:

June 6 — Monthly

Medal (spoon competition).

June 13—Tombstone.

June 20—Sweepstake.

June 27—First Eclectic (spoon competition).

June 8th has been set aside for our War Services fund day. Remember the date ladies, and bring your friends out for a game.

The Tribune Trophy will be contested for at the Southwood Country Club on June 18-22.

V. Brown.

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Bowling League Wind-up

Paul Osborne Re-elected

IN fitting manner, the Winnipeg Canoe Club Mixed Five Pin Bowling League rang down the curtain on the 1944-45 season by staging a banquet and dance on the club premises on Friday, May 4th. This grand get-together served a double purpose; first in honoring the champions and secondly in bringing together for an evening of fun, all those members who participated in the activities of the club. Needless to say, the event was an outstanding success and plans are already underway to stage another affair of this kind in the very near future.

President Paul Osborne presided at the head table and on behalf of the executive thanked the league members for their splendid co-operation and spirit of good-will shown throughout the season. The championship trophy was won by the Snipers under Captain Jack McCrea, and was presented to him by Mr. Jack Johnstone, manager of the Saratoga Alleys, an honored guest at this occasion. The team is composed of Dot Auger, Shirley Smith, Kitty Wilson, Gerry Broadbent and Jimmie Abbott. Runner-up

prizes were also presented by Mr. Johnstone to the Eager Beavers under Captain Phonse Leyden, the Guttersnipes under Captain Garry Chislett and the Jokers under Captain Jack Evens. Record prizes were won by Lymie Hollingsworth for men's high three games, while genial Ormie Robinson captured the men's high single. The ladies' high average prize was won by Evelyn McDermott while Astor (what a man) Johnstone topped the men's averages.

In the election of officers for the coming season, Paul Osborne was returned to office for another term as president and Jim Abbott and Astor Johnstone were re-elected to the offices of Treasurer and Secretary. Ormie

Robinson succeeded Gerry Broadbent to the vice-presidency and one new member was added in the person of Joyce Sharman, who will act as assistant secretary. With the co-operation of everyone, we can look forward to having a season in 1945-46 that will be every bit as successful as the one just completed. Watch your July Commodore for further news.



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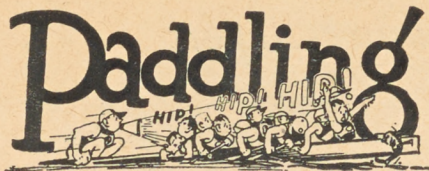
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YES? We're sorry that it took so long to get the Pontoon Bridge up, and we apologize to the two ladies who were half way across before they noticed that it wasn't there, but how were we to know that so much water would flow via the Red this year?

By the time this edition reaches you we can guarantee that the Pontoon Bridge will be up and that feverish training will be in progress for the Spring Regatta. Herb's lawn has emerged from the flood in splendid condition, and the Volley Ball court has been the centre of attraction during the cold days of early May.

Our Spring Paddlers Meeting held in the ballroom on Friday, May 25th, was a great success. Many experienced paddlers were on hand to welcome the new members and impart a few words of wisdom. We feel confident that this year the men's paddling section will make great progress, and revert to pre-war standards.

The Spring Regatta is scheduled for June 16th and the Midsummer Regatta for July 21st. For the benefit of the new members who did not have these regattas explained to them on Friday, May 25th, they are briefly outlined here:

Each year the Paddling Section divides its members into four groups, allotting each group to a war-canoe. Each war-canoe has a coxswain, captain and sub-captain whose duties, respectively, are to teach the crew to paddle properly in the war-canoe and to get all the men out to the club at the same time. These war-canoes race against each other during the year in several regattas. The Spring Regatta is almost entirely for the new men (Novices) who race singles, tandem (with another novice), fours (with two other novices and one experienced paddler), and in the war-canoe race. These

regattas are nearly always won by the crews with the most experience, so the idea is to get on the water as early and as often as possible. Boats are all supplied by the Club. See Sam.

Men's paddling nights are Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Ladies' nights are Tuesday and Thursday.

The Men's Points Regatta will be run slightly different this year. For each war-canoe there will be five sweaters allotted to the five paddlers who win the highest number of points. For the crew of the winning war-canoe in the championship Fall Regatta every man will win a Canoe Club crest.

The Mid-Summer Regatta is mainly for the Ladies' Section but the men co-operate by conducting novelty races and

Be sure to keep in mind the following dates:

<i>Spring Regatta</i>	<i>June 21</i>
<i>Weekend Trips</i>	<i>July 1</i>
<i>Midsummer Regatta</i>	<i>July 21</i>
<i>Mixed Long Distance</i>	
<i>Race</i>	<i>Aug. 19</i>
<i>Championship Fall</i>	
<i>Regatta</i>	<i>Aug. 25</i>
<i>Girls' Long Distance</i>	
<i>Race</i>	<i>Aug. 26</i>

a war-canoe race. There will be inter-club races against the Kildonan Canoe Club and in order to maintain our prestige it is very important that we win all these events without exception.

The ladies' section, under the capable leadership of Convenor Rosemary Rapp, is bent on beating all former records for the coming season.

All the girls who wish to paddle will be divided into as many war-canoes as is deemed necessary and each crew races against the others in the Regattas held during the year. Girls' paddling nights are Tuesdays and Thursdays when novices and juniors train in regular canoes (green boats) and seniors in shells for the Midsummer Regatta, July 21st.

KEL TURNER.

House Committee Report

A NEW and very green contributor to harass your Editor, learned Saturday evening that deadline Monday, so without benefit of dictionary and type-writer, must, on this "day of rest" (when DO Canoe Clubbers rest?) get busy.

My first year on the above Committee and can assure all members, old and new, that we just don't realize how much the smooth running of the club depends on our hardworked Governors.

Canoe Club members are traditionally hungry and thirsty people—but discriminating—so we must make our menu as varied as quotas will allow, and as attractive as staff, kitchen and serving facilities permit; all these factors have a direct influence on prices and the possible absence of popular items. It is a Club custom to return our dishes, bottles and milk

shake containers to the counter; we all quite cheerfully balance and juggle our loaded trays to the tables — it's much easier to return the empties (no, this isn't where you get 60c per case), so *return your dishes to the counter.*

We are fortunate in having a real handy man on our staff, so look out for new or freshened paint jobs. The asphalt tile for the entrance hall and canteen has been ordered (even though one of the purchasing committee became a "suspicious character" desperately pacing the floor, the right time and place, but the wrong day). New linoleum in the boys' shack and a sign over the entrance to the Ladies' Locker Room, are just examples of the many small but necessary items which receive attention.

M.W.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS

Word has just reached us that its a bouncing baby boy at the Gerry Chislett's, a wee lad Gary Wayne. Congratulations, Gerry and Helen, on this new addition to the Chislett family.

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Tennis

THOSE tennis members, or should I say "Orphans of the Storm," who may perchance have visited the Club any time within the past two weeks, have no doubt seen a somewhat diminutive figure with a face almost as long as his spring coat, and looking more like a bell tent with a full complement of soldiers inside than a human being, stalking around the real estate in a high state of dejection. Upon raising the hat from the precarious position where it rests on his gentleman's ears, one is amazed to find that underneath it's the "Guv."

This great man is usually accompanied by three suspicious and nondescript looking characters, who, on closer surveillance turn out to be members of the Committee. This highly exalted company moves slowly down from one set of courts to the other and back again, with a somewhat dispirited gait, and an air of deep gloom and dejection—Oh, the futility of it all! Suddenly the most exalted one speaks, he mentions the word WORK. As if by magic the three characters disappear in a cloud of dust, to seek their respective hiding places in and about the club property—not to reappear until the sounds of music and feminine laughter indicates there are doings of interest up in the ballroom.

The "Guv" is left in lonely splendor, to meditate upon the injustices of fate—and the vagaries of the weather. AH! but all is not lost, our news groundsman, Jack "Muscles" MacDonald is working with might and main, and is battling the elements for all he is worth to whip the courts into shape.

Seriously though, kids, Jack is working very hard and by the time you are perusing this literary gem, most if not all the

courts should be in play—unless the rains come.

We are supposed to report the activities of the section in this great publication—but of course, due to the weather there just haven't been any. However by the time this masterpiece appears in public, we hope all you lads and lassies will have been out there doing your stuff—on the courts, Lymie, on the courts. Incidentally when you wish to secure your tennis balls, Cliff Pink is the man to interview, as he is the major-domo in charge of these little white things. The line forms on the right, girls.

The "Guv" informs me that he has secured a Tennis Film and this will be shown at the Club on Wednesday, May 30th, to tie in with the Tennis Instruction, which will commence in short order. Never fear, good members, you will receive a special notice through the mails in regard to this.

The Tournament is scheduled for June, and just as soon as the Committee puts its collective heads together, and comes up with the sixty-four dollar question, we will hasten into print to inform one and all.

◆
"Over"

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. It may not be difficult to store up in the mind a vast quantity of facts within a comparatively short time, but the ability to form judgments requires the severe discipline of hard work and the tempering heat of experience and maturity.

◆
—Calvin Coolidge.

When a man says he is going to do this or that tomorrow, ask him what he did yesterday.

Tennis Topics in Brief

THE very best to Pat Erzinger and Bill Parker who will middle-aisle it on June 2nd. We must compliment Ken McConnell, Gerry Chislett, Lymie Hollingsworth and Phonse Leyden on the wicked paint brush they wield; we haven't yet figured out whether they were trying to paint themselves or the tapes. Keep up the good work, men, that's the type of Club Spirit we like to see. From the performances Astor Johnstone has staged out on the golf course recently, we are in great fear that he is going to transfer all his affections to the courts, which will more than double Mr. MacDonald's work — putting down new tapes and filling up the fox-holes.

It's a little bundle of joy from heaven up at the Alex. Stewarts'es—a wee bairn by the name of Scott Blair. Congratulations, kids, a future tennis champion no doubt. Should you happen to hear a piercing Indian War-Whoop one of these fine evenings and find an arrow sticking out between your shoulder blades, don't be alarmed — it's only Ross Neal — he's gone in for Archery, of all things. Good heavens, Neal, what next! Margo Narracott informs us she is really going to take up tennis seriously this year — atsa stuff Margo, give 'em the old College Try. We hope Cliff Pink breaks down and buys a belt for his shorts this season — he has had some of our lady members quite disturbed at the possibilities last year—accidents can happen you know, old boy.

We understand that stalwart pair, "Willie" Stevens and "Suss" Sewell are all set and rarin' to go on the courts this summer. No flinging your racket at your opponents this season, "Suss," please; it just isn't done. What would Emily Post say? Some of our new members have been out to pay us a visit already, in the persons of Vi Ainge, Rita Murphy, Eileen Sigurdson, Betty Primeau, Johnnie Cash and John Hawryluk, whom we've noticed

browsing around. Also Evelyn McDermott and Walter Graham will be back with us on the courts—things are looking up in the tennis section. Who is this new man who has entered Helen Hutton's life—how about letting us have the inside dope, little one, eh?

Our Jack MacDonald, who has recently taken up golf, is proving to be quite a demon on the fairways. "Muscles" moved in to take top honors in the Sweepstakes on the Golfers' Get-Acquainted Day. The big boy can really bash that apple.

Your operator, who is quite a lad with that diabolical machine, the lawnmower, and also with the garden rake, played host to a number of lovely young ladies, and also, I might add, to a number of oafish clowns (Ormie and Cliff Pink, please note) — on one of those er, ah, breezy Sunday afternoon a short while ago. This spot proved to be quite an advantageous point from which to view a number of the new chicks who were about on an inspection trip. We set a booby trap for one rather comely young lass, who attempted to cross our courts, but, alas! she managed to evade our snares. AH! the unfairness of it all. Hmmn—maybe she belongs to the Tennis Section, Hubba, Hubba, Hubba.

"Smoky"

* * *

If you want a jolt, write down what you accomplished today.



Jumping at conclusions is about the only mental exercise some folks take.



In 1859 Carl Schurtz said: "Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny."

Paddling Personalities



ACCORDING to some introverts, Spring has come. Brr! However, the indomitable paddling spirit surges onward. The old shells have been removed from the grasp of their dusty racks, looking more like windows than boats. With such resuscitative inspiration as the cool green water, the quivering blade, and Groff drowning, the lads take to the foam, (water).

The season has been organized from the ground down. A currently unprecedented event; a committee meeting was held. Resulting from a very full and productive discussion was the basis of this year's paddling life and strife.

Don Swinton is in charge of boys' swimming activities and new male members who aspire to be paddlers must demonstrate their swimability to him.

Alan Groff is now truant officer for the section and is to keep a jaundiced eye upon Juniors and such like. It is also his job to persuade paddlers to paddle.

Kel Turner is a liason between men's and women's sections and is admirably equipped for that position, yes sir.

Clare Linnen is to see what can be done in the field of rugby.

Larry Rowlinson will keep up the equipment standard.

Dick Quinton, last and unfortunately not least has the abstract duties of racing and competition regulation. Yours truly will carry on with publicity and perhaps "Blub."

As this Com. goes to press, the above unfortunates will be vociferously testing their verbocity at the first, come one,

come all paddlers meeting.

Volley ball commands most attention these days with P. S. (Spence) taking his usual active part. Girls have become more interested in Volley-Brawl and curiously, male enthusiasm has been directly proportioned.

W. Z. "Genius" Stevenson and cohorts Mac and Hal Book plus "Blackmarket" Don Reid can be heard chuckling in the Board Room wherein they are enjoying the thrills of Rummy, etc.

Almost every night the boys can be heard revelling in the new found joys of the shower, dursing the 10 p.m. curfew, or giving the Wurlitzer a shakedown. Saturday night, the more wholesome of the section retire askance, leaving the enlivenment of the premises to the more colorful synthetically activated inebriants inherent with these weekly merry-makings.

The paddling season is officially and otherwise open. The first major event will be the Spring Regatta on Saturday, June 16th.

This should be a "good year." A record crop of paddling Juniors has been harvested and happily, many of the old guard are returning to the fold. Bob has lined things up with vision and fortitude. The paddling product of the girls' section should be unprecedented. Therefore lads n lassies—les go.

"Blub."

Many of us are so fatigued laying plans for tomorrow that we're too tired to do anything today.

The success of tomorrow depends upon the preparation you are making today.

Page Eleven



OUR BALL ROOM

WHEN entering the clubhouse please scrape the cinders and mud off your shoes. Cinders and mud form a sand-paper on the bottom of the sole and has a damaging effect on our Marine Room floor. We boast a dance floor of the highest calibre in the city and it cannot be replaced at the present time. Please be cautious.

◆
Elbert Hubbard Said it:

"One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men.

"No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man."

◆
The man who watches the clock usually remains one of the hands.

◆
What some of us need is more horsepower and not so much exhaust.

◆
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A Letter to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

As one of the oldest members of the Winnipeg Canoe Club, I have felt the urge to bring before the new members of the Club some ideas that prompted the few old timers who started the Club away back about fifty years ago. I was not one of them, but I know and can appreciate the reasons. First, there is a romance surrounding the canoe, as it was the only means of transportation over this vast Western Country. Many a thrilling tale is written about the exploits of the early settlers and explorers in which the canoe took an important part. Now if you keep that idea before you and let your imagination run freely you will no doubt be inclined to look upon the Winnipeg Canoe Club as a connectig link with the past, and is now an institution worthy of being carried on without changing the basic idea that was the cause of its being formed.

Those old timers I mentioned were very close to the early history of the West, and it behoves you young people to carry on the tradition. Remember that each member is only active in the Club a few years, and you should preserve and cherish any old records, or trophies that you find in the Club and not pluck it bare of any glory that some former member nearly broke his heart to win in days gone by. The Club has a splendid record and it would be interesting to know how many men and women have belonged to it at some time or other, and where they are today. Even during the present War, I heard of a young sailor at a northern Russian port, being called a "Red River Mud-Pusher" and who could be more proud of the records that he and his fellows have hung up all over the world, for he got his first experience with water craft at this same Club.

We hear so much about a better world after the War and what youth will do, which is fine, but in doing so just preserve some of the nice pleasant things of the past, and I am sure you will get pleasure in doing so.

Yours truly,

W. E. STRANG,
(Commodore, 1909)



PLEASE NOTE

For some unknown reason the Manitoba Telephone System omitted our clubhouse telephone number from the last telephone book. Many people have been calling the caddie house and are slowly driving Mr. Baker nuts. You will accomplish nothing by telephoning the caddie house when you want the clubhouse, so rather than waste a nickel take down this number and when you want to call



the clubhouse refer to it:

202 042

Reminiscing . . .

With W. Morley Story

I JOINED the Canoe Club in 1908 at the old Norwood Bridge clubhouse. At that time the St. Andrew's locks had not been constructed and the current of the river was a great deal swifter than it is today. The Sprague Lumber Company had a mill on the Norwood bank of the river, just below the bridge. The building is still standing today. Booms of logs, half filled the width of the river, extending upstream, and were anchored to the bank from above the side of the Rowing Club, almost to River Park.

Logs escaping from these booms, sometimes half submerged (deadheads) floated in the river and at all times were a menace and danger to canoes and small craft. Often after dark, one's canoe would strike these obstructions with a thump that caused a nervous lady passenger to jump from the craft in fright.

Often, after paddling upstream in the evening glow and returning after dark, one would discover that the boom had broken open and you suddenly found your boat amidst floating logs coming at you from all sides. You then had to either turn back, paddle again upstream in the darkness, trying to find the broken end of the boom, get around and outside it, or else nose your way through the logs to the side of the boom. It was necessary to step from the canoe onto

the floating boom with water lapping at your feet, get your girl out also, pull your craft over the boom to the clear water outside and proceed to the clubhouse. This was an upsetting experience for some girls of that day, attired as they were in long dresses, large picture hats and carrying parasols and fans.

* * *

Then there were the paddle wheel steamers which roamed the river; side wheelers and stern wheelers. When the boys saw the stern wheeler approaching, they would paddle out and slip into the swells in the wake of the steamer, and were carried along by the following waves.

These steamers were a constant menace to the unwary. Woe betide the novice who parked his canoe beside his paddle sunken in the mud near the river bank and paying no attention to the approaching steamer. The swells from the revolving paddles rushing toward the bank would sweep over his canoe, flow up the bank, and the back-wash filled with mud gave him a second dose.

The paddler and girl then had to step from a boat covered with mud and water, onto a bank of liquid mud into which their feet sank, empty the craft, reload their equipment, get back into the canoe in their ruined white clothes and proceed home sadder and wiser. Such an experience happening to two of my friends resulted in the girl not speaking to the boy for years. She was in such a mess, that she refused to return to the boathouse. She made him land her on the river bank, leave the boat there, walk home with her, as she refused to enter a street car and after a four-mile walk to her home and back to the boat, he finished his trip to the boathouse alone still wet from head to foot. Thus, this budding romance was nipped in the bud.

PURELY PERSONAL

W. Morley Story has indeed an outstanding record with the Club. He served on the Board of Governors for twenty-two consecutive years, holding the offices of Entertainment Governor, House Governor, Golf Governor, Commodore, Club Secretary, and for fifteen years Club Treasurer.

The Skipper at the Norwood Club was an old English "Sea Salt," named Arthur Duffy. He was a deep sea sailor, small, wizened, but with interesting characteristics. He had his likes and dislikes, especially disliking any member who tried to "high hat" him. He also despised the member who painted or varnished his own canoe; he felt that this was his duty. Duffy enjoyed sitting on the dock after dark, entertaining those who would listen to him with his knowledge of the stars. He had little use for the modern timepiece, preferring rather to get the time from his own reading of the sun's position.

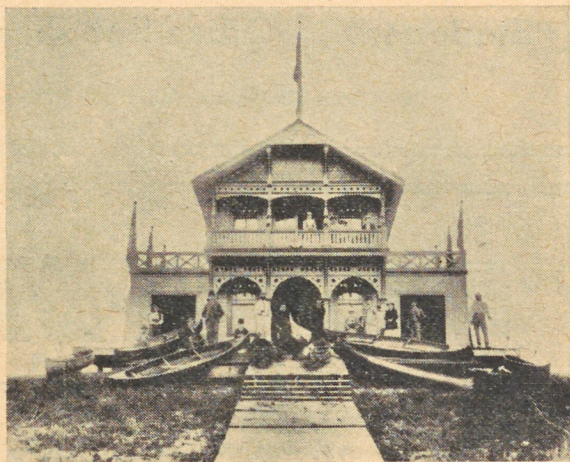
Although he was a crusty old bachelor Duffy carried a heart of gold. He would repair our boats, make sails, and do any odd jobs that came his way. He occupied one small room in the clubhouse and it seemed to me that he owned but one pair of white duck trousers and one towel, both of which he washed periodically by swishing them around in the river, off the end of the dock. One winter he

lived in this room and it's a wonder he didn't freeze to death. Some winters he spent at Lake Winnipeg, fishing through a hole in the ice which was covered by a shack in which he lived. During other winters he went back to England, traveling by day coach to Montreal, then working his way overseas on ships sailing to and from this port.

One season he was paid no salary for six months as the club was short of funds. How he ate or existed, no one knew or seemed to care. In September, 1908, he was paid in full for the season of 1907. It's a far cry from that day to the present club pay roll now amounting to well over \$1,200.00 per month.

Duffy closed the club promptly at eleven o'clock, refusing to open it for anyone. If you were later than that, you left your canoe and fittings on the dock, exposed to weather and other damage. Upon his retirement from the club in 1911, the club presented him with an engraved gold locket and twenty-five dollars in gold.

Upon his death a will was found, leaving all his property to a sister in England. The property consisted of a shack near Winnipeg Beach, and the land upon which it stood. A number of debts ate up the money received from the sale of this property. The sister in England, who evidently thought that anyone who went to the Colonies acquired wealth, was convinced that someone here had gotten away with all Duffy's money and it was impossible to convince her that he left nothing.



Old Norwood Clubhouse, Built in 1893

An Oscar to Jack

THE Sun-Bathing fraternity and all those who use our river lawns owe a big debt of gratitude to Jack McDowell and a few of the paddlers for the work they have put in on removing the mud from the lawns.

Heretofore — on the advice of many so-called experts — we have allowed this mud to harden and cake before cleaning it off, a lengthy and laborious process. Jack had other ideas, and using a totally different technique, slushed the mud off as the river receded. The result is an excellent job which will allow members to use these lawns far earlier than would have been the case had we adhered to the old method. All of which goes to show that two heads are better than one.

Such assistance and co-operation is as welcome as it is unexpected. Thanks a lot Jack, your efforts are really appreciated.

Herb Daw



What a Man! Dave Stevens, our Public Relations Governor, recently became the proud father of a nine-pound three-ounce baby son (David Edward). Proclaimed the dotor, "Just two pounds less than Dave." All three of them are doing nicely, thank you.

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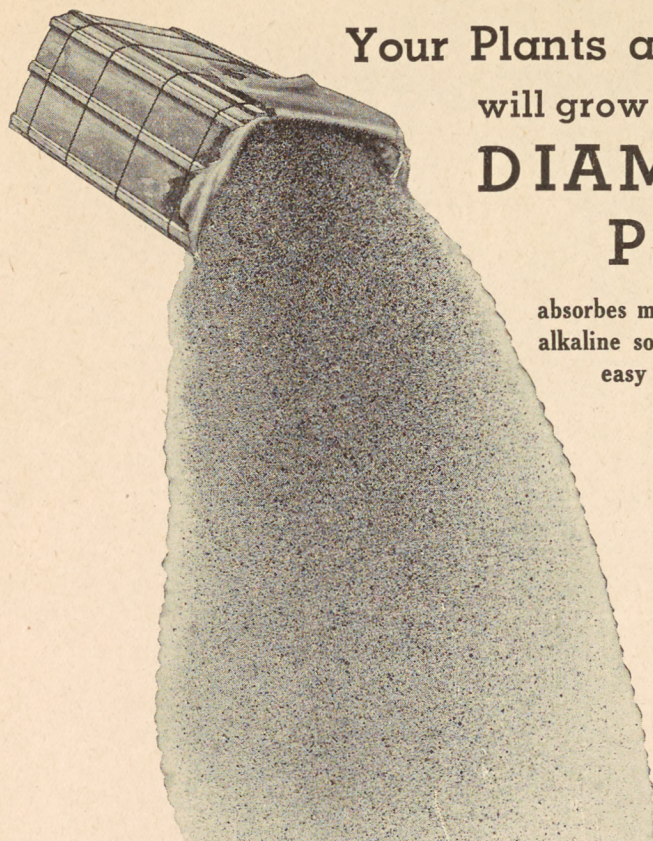
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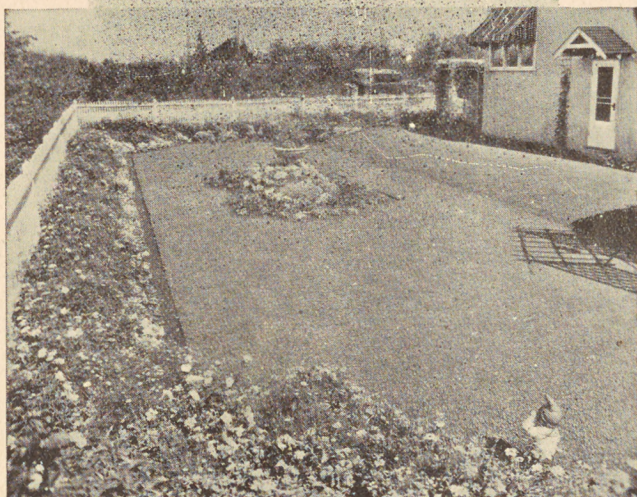
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